

# I'll Make You Forget His Name

by CalliopeDucky

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Summary: You go to a bar to forget his name...but end up learning someone else's ...ReaderxLuhan Lemon

## 1. Make Me Forget

"Um... you sure you don't want to slow down?"

You gave your best friend a pointed look and snorted, rolling your eyes. Curling a seductive finger toward the bartender, you silently ordered him to refill your shot glass. The black light illuminating from the table made the liquid glow a bright apple green.

Tonight, you were set on drinking a rainbow of colors, scattering into the lasers and strobe lights, and disappearing within the crowds of writhing bodies on the dancefloor.

Luhan put his hand over the shot glass before you could bring it to your lips. "Look, I know that you're pissed off. I get it. Kris was a jerk to you-

"Ah ah ah!" You waved your hands to make him stop. Kris was your asswipe of an ex-boyfriend. The bastard decided to break up with you on your birthday! Who fucking does that?

"We do not speak of shitty ass orders of Chinese takeout here," you continued, tapping your manicured nails on the bar table for emphasis.

Luhan's mouth set in a straight line and he looked you dead in the eye. "You know, I'm Chinese too."

Oh. Right. "What I'm trying to say is," you went on, "You're not allowed to say his name. I don't want to hear anything about that man! I'm going to forget who he was and what he did to me."

"But downing vodka until you knock yourself unconscious is not the

way to deal with a break up."

"Fine." You took a step back and nodded toward the shot glass. "You drink it."

"What?" He laughed. "No way. One of us needs to be able to think straight tonight."

"Take the shot, and I promise that I'll stop... for now." Whether or not Luhan actually heard that last part over the deafening music, he licked his lips and brought the glass toward his mouth. You felt something warm in the very pit of your stomach as he tilted his head back and exposed his bare neck. His adam's apple bobbed as he drank the toxic-looking alcohol. Luhan looked absolutely... delicious.

He set the glass back down on the table, wincing from the burn of vodka. You smiled darkly and grabbed his hand. "Let's dance."

If he yelled in protest, it was drowned out by the pulsing bass and electric riffs. You pushed through the tangled bodies until you and Luhan were standing somewhere towards the middle. Pressing yourself against his chest, you closed your eyes and let yourself succumb to the music.

This was what you wanted: being completely immersed in a sea of distractions. Colors whizzed by too quickly for your mind to comprehend and you could feel the vibrations of the bass shaking your soul. But Luhan wasn't moving.

"Ya!" you yelled up at him. Placing a hand on the side of his face, you leaned back on his shoulder and spoke into his ear. "Dance with me! I know you can dance!"

"I... I don't know where my boundaries are right now."

"Fuck boundaries," you slurred. With a whine, you wrapped your arms behind his neck and slid down his front. "Dance with me."

Immediately, Luhan's hands flew to your hips to bring you back up. You smirked, knowing full well what you had just grazed over. Your arms dropped to hold his hands in place, satisfied with where they had landed.

"Help me forget him," you purred into his ear. "I don't even want to remember his name."

So you started again. You danced up against him until you finally felt his grip tighten. Slowly, he began grinding against you as well. This went on for god knows how long. Everything was blurring together thanks to all the alcohol in your system.

The two of you made small trips off the dancefloor every so often to keep hydrated. Luhan forced you to sip on water while he took shots of alcohol himself. The little hypocrite. But every time you tried to complain, he slid a hand around your waist and lead you back into the ocean of people. Whatever. You were drunk enough as is.

And apparently, so was Luhan. The things the two of you did- pressed up against each other and writhing with the rest of the crowd- were

utterly sinful. Boundaries be damned. His fingers possessively dug into your skin-tight mini dress, while your hands travelled from his neck to tangle themselves into his hair.

He made no attempt to hide his growing erection in his pants. In fact, he pushed your ass down and rolled his hips expertly to receive the friction he so desperately needed. You were only too happy to oblige as he sent chills down your spine from blowing into your ear.

This wasn't dancing with your best friend anymore- this was public sex with your clothes still on. Luhan slowed down his movements and wrapped his arms around your waist. He rocked you from side to side, whispering something that you couldn't understand even if your life depended on it. You were about to tell him to speak up because you're at a fucking club and like hell were you going to understand him with all this noise, but he began pulling you off the dancefloor without a response.

Everything was getting fuzzy and blurring together into a mess of bright colors and moving shapes. Trusting Luhan, you let him guide you out of the crowd until you found yourself in a dark corner. This wasn't the bar. Wasn't he leading you back for more drinks?

Suddenly, you felt hands on the small of your back, your pelvis pressed against his hard on, and soft lips sucking on yours. Oh, this feels nice. You were being walked backwards until you felt your shoulders hit a wall.

Your mouth opened in a gasp and Luhan took this opportunity to insert his tongue. He tasted like a variety of alcohols, one of them being the sour apple vodka you made him drink earlier, and it was intoxicating. He pulled back. Both of you panted as you stared into each other's glazed-over eyes. Leaning down, Luhan growled into your neck as his fingers traveled south to play with the hem of your dress.

"You don't want to remember him, right? Not even his name?"

Your mind was working sluggishly as you felt his hands against the flesh of your thighs.

"Yes," you breathed out, holding onto his shoulders for support, wanting so badly for him to just touch you higher.

Finally slipping a hand under the fabric of your dress, you moaned, hearing his hungry voice echo all around you.

"Then I'll make you forget his name."

## 2. Forgotten(LEMON)

You could only remember the way home in broken flashes. The hot, open-mouthed kisses, your hand stroking him through jeans in what seemed to be the backseat of a cab, his teeth grazing against your neck and leaving small bites claiming you as his, and suddenly you were being pushed roughly into the wood of his apartment door.

Continuing to press himself against you and kiss you senseless, Luhan managed to get his key out and unlock the door. You hadn't even realized that his shirt was completely unbuttoned until he hiked your dress up and made you wrap your legs around his waist. You heard your back zipper going down as Luhan kicked his door close and carried you to his room.

Throwing you on the bed, you giggled drunkenly from bouncing up and down, but stopped as soon as a topless Luhan attacked your lips again. You moaned shamelessly into the kiss, all sense of propriety warped and destroyed by alcohol.

Pushing your legs farther apart, Luhan set himself on top of you, grinding the front of his jeans against your soaked panties. You reached out and touched his sides, fingers clawing desperately at his smooth skin. They explored out of their own accord, finding themselves moving down and running over the ridges of his stomach.

Abdominal muscles. Fuck yes.

Luhan broke the kiss for air and began to nip down your neck. He easily pulled down the top of your dress, revealing your strapless bra.

"Ah," he sighed. "I was hoping you'd go without it." Without warning, you suddenly felt his index finger slip under your panties and tease your wet folds. Your back arched and Luhan reached under to unhook your bra in one fluid motion. How did he do that?

Peeling your bra off, he threw it somewhere beside the bed and dove back in to take a nipple into his mouth. You gasped and closed your eyes from the feeling of his tongue circling you. Luhan's finger continued to teasingly run up and down your entrance, but never entering. He switched to the other nipple, sucking on it a bit rougher, as his other hand cupped the first breast.

"Ouch!" you yelped in surprise. "Don't bite me you little bitch."

"Sorry," he chuckled and smiled playfully. "Couldn't resist."

Luhan pulled the bottom of your dress up and over your head, exposing your bare stomach. He held onto your hips with both hands and licked a trail from your pelvis to your ribs. You writhed underneath him as he blew cold air against the wet line. Lithe fingers tugged at your panties and your legs closed together automatically.

"Aw, don't be shy now," Luhan chided. He moved underneath to put both your legs over one shoulder, sitting up to get the bottom half of your body off the bed, and slipped your panties off effortlessly.

Smiling in approval, he threw them somewhere behind him and shrugged your legs off, spreading them wide apart in front of him. You could feel embarrassment clenching at your chest from being put on display in front of Luhan. And yet, the feeling was exhilarating.

Taking his time, Luhan kissed his way down until he was settled on

his stomach. Hooking both hands around your thighs, he pressed his tongue flat against your wetness and licked up, drawing a long, breathy moan from you. Hiding his smirk, he continued to lap up the juices dripping out and then dipped his tongue into your entrance. A whine escaped from your lips and you brought your hand up to bite on your finger.

God knows what wonders he was doing down there with his mouth pressed against you like that. All you could do was cry out, bite back the moans, and tangle your fingers into your hair pathetically. His lips were suddenly gone and you felt a finger slowly push into the entrance.

"Ohh," you moaned, gasping for air.

Luhan watched in amusement as you wiggled further down the bed, trying to get him to go in deeper. You felt his finger disappear and glanced down frantically, just in time to see him sucking on his middle and ring fingers, then sliding the both of them into you.

It was one of the sexiest things you had ever witnessed and you threw your head back with another cry. Luhan curled up his two fingers, repeatedly hitting the roof, as he leaned down to suck on your clit.

That just about pushed you over the edge. With a half-scream, you reached down and pulled on his hair, desperate to just hold on to something. Luhan groaned from the slight pain, his voice vibrating all around your clit.

You took the Lord's name in vain as if it was your new prayer. He flicked the nub with his tongue and then sucked harder, fingers pumping in and out of you to fill the whole room with obscenely wet noises.

You weren't sure what you were doing anymore. Air filled your lungs in staccato gasps, whines fell from your lips and blended together with Luhan's animalistic groans of approval, and your hips bucked up without your control to meet his thrusting fingers. Tears fell from your eyes as you felt him move up towards you, fingers still working in and out of your entrance.

"You gonna come?" Luhan's voice was deep and throaty, his hot breath skimming over your ear.

You whimpered and opened your eyes, staring at his lips still wet with your juices. He smirked as he attacked you in an open-mouthed kiss, hungrily taking in your screams as his fingers thrust in and out of you at a dizzying pace, thumb now pressing and rubbing furiously against your clit.

The familiar build up of pleasure pooled in the very pit of your stomach, too sudden for your mind to process, and you dug your nails into Luhan's shoulders, the feeling of release shooting out to your fingertips and-

"Aaaaahh!" Your body convulsed as the orgasm ripped through you. Luhan rolled over to his side as you came, laughing lightly at the sight of you in pure bliss.

"Wow. I never imagined you to be a squirter," he said in bemusement, admiring the way you dripped down from his fingers. To be quite honest, you didn't either. No man in your life had ever made you come that hard.

You shoved his face away, still breathlessly trying to get air back into your lungs. "Shut up. Little bitch."

"I'm the little bitch?" Luhan raised an eyebrow and pointed toward himself. "Babe, you are sorely mistaken. I wasn't the one squealing and twisting and begging and crying ohhhh godddd!"

You hooked a leg around his waist and flipped him onto his back, pinning his wrists on either side of his head. "You may have won this round, hot shot, but I'll have you moaning like the little bitch you are once I have my way with you."

Luhan bit his bottom lip as one of your hands slid down his stomach, palming the hardened bulge in his jeans.

"You're a real shit talker in bed, you know that?" he breathed.

The sound of a belt being unbuckled clinked in the air and the two of you smiled darkly.

"Only when I'm drunk."

After a quick peck on his lips, you lowered yourself down and slowly began unbuttoning his pants, busying yourself with running a tongue along the ridges of his abs. If you could take a whole day to just worship the taut muscles in his stomach, you sure as hell would.

Not wanting to waste any time, you began to pull both his pants and boxers down, his erection springing out and slapping against his stomach.

"Oh Luhan." Your eyes widened in amazement. "I really underestimated you. All this time I thought you had a tiny little-"

"Just shut up and suck." He grabbed your hair and forced the swollen head past your lips, sighing deeply at the feeling of finally being taken in. You popped him out of your mouth, stroking him slowly.

"Was that a moan I heard? I've barely started."

He looked at you under hooded eyes and grumbled. "I don't moan like a bitch."

"Mmh, we'll see about that." You let your mouth fall open slightly, just enough to slip your tongue though.

Still holding his gaze, you watched him watch you flick the slit of his cock with your tongue and then dip in a little harder. Luhan gulped, eyebrows furrowing as he tried not to make a sound. You closed your eyes and pressed your tongue fully against the base of his member, dragging it slowly up to the tip.

"Shiiiiit." Luhan's head fell back against the pillows and he covered his eyes with the back of his hand. Bobbing up and down on his cock,

you took this time to drink in how fucking hot your best friend really was. His Adam's apple continued to move up and down in his throat, a sheen of sweat glistening at his neck.

Luhan moved the hand from his eyes to push his fringe up from his forehead, lips parting to breathe in shallowly and hissing the air back out through clenched teeth. His other hand skimmed down his chest and rested against his hip bone. It was only then that you realized how deliciously smooth and milky his skin was, save for the angry red of his cock twitching in your mouth at that moment.

You didn't particularly enjoy giving blowjobs, but there was something about Luhan that just made you want to give it your all. As you pumped his stiff member and licked experimentally at his balls, your ears picked up a foreign sound. Glancing up, you noticed Luhan's lips moving quickly but quietly. You sucked in the head of his cock again, eyes still trained on his tortured expression, and began to twist your fingers up and down his shaft.

The alcohol flooded over your mind, wiping out the good girl from your conscious entirely. Now let's see. How do those pornstars do it again? Relaxing the muscles in the back of your throat, you guided Luhan's length farther into your mouth, swallowing it whole.

His hips bucked up off the bed in a gasp and suddenly he was holding you down by the hair. You squeezed your eyes shut trying not to gag but your reflex kicked in automatically. However, it was barely heard over Luhan's loud moans and strangled curses. So that's what he was doing this entire time. Luhan was swearing in Mandarin! He finally let go and you turned away to cough.

"Shit," Luhan breathed as he sat up to stroke your hair, chest rising and falling as he came down from his high.

"I am so sorry. I didn't mean to do that. Are you hurt?"

"I'm fine," you laughed and turned to cough again. "Deep-throating just isn't my forte."

"Well if you ever need someone to practice on-" He dodged your hit to his shoulder and pounced on you with a smile. The two of you wrestled on his bed, skin against skin, fingernails surely leaving crescent-shaped indents, and lips crashing a little too forcefully onto each other.

You shared a loud, drawn out moan as you began to rub your wetness against his cock. He felt so hot and hard under you, making your liquids flow out faster.

God you needed him inside. Playtime was over.

"Where are your-"

"Nightstand," Luhan answered before you could finish.

You crawled off him and pulled open the drawer, lifting up a notepad to reveal packets of condoms. He plucked the silver square out of your hands and ripped it open, fingers rolling the rubber down his length expertly.

"How do you want-"

"Ride me."

You almost came again from the way his eyes burned into yours. The fire of lust was raging within him, and you couldn't have been more willing to quench his thirst. Straddling either side of his hips, you reached below and aligned Luhan to your entrance. With your walls still dripping wet from stimulation, you sunk down faster than planned and gave a loud moan.

You hadn't felt this full in so long.

"Fuck," he swallowed hard and ran his hands up your thighs. "How are you still so fucking tight?"

"Mmmh," you hummed in response from the compliment and rocked your hips forward, relishing the feeling of Luhan slipping out halfway and then filling you up again.

It was a sensation you could easily get addicted to. You leaned back on your hands and tucked your feet underneath you, beginning to roll against him again. Luhan held onto your hips with a grip so hard you could already feel the bruise forming.

He helped to bring you up and then slam you back down, his dick hitting you at just the right angle to make you cry out louder. Your sides were released as he grabbed at your breasts, massaging them roughly between his fingers and making you squeal from being pinched.

"Kiss me." His request was barely above a whisper and almost got drowned out completely by your breathy moans and the squeaks of the bed springs. You pulled your hair to one side and leaned over to kiss him.

Everything slowed for a second as he trailed his fingers up your back. Luhan's touches had suddenly melted into softness and you moaned into the surprisingly deep kiss, cupping his face in your hand to just feel his skin. Without so much of a warning, you felt Luhan bring his knees up and lock his arms around your waist. He thrustured into you at full force, knocking the wind right out of your lungs.

Your head lifted up and your eyes shut close, but only silence fell from your mouth as he continued to drive into you. Finally finding your voice again, you screamed. You screamed into his neck and you whined and your hands clawed at the pillows beneath him. The overwhelming pleasure that was skyrocketing through your body made you lightheaded.

"Such a pretty voice," Luhan laughed in your ear between grunts.

His hold around your waist tightened and you whimpered. The feeling of being so forcibly pressed into him- with your breasts flattened between you and his clammy skin and his firm ab muscles rubbing against your stomach- was undeniably sexy. Your head dropped and you kissed along his neck, still crying out from his thrusts, but too worn out to keep up right.



Luhan paused for a breather, rolling you over gently so he was on top. "Getting tired?"

"Please... don't stop," you managed to get out. He smirked and wiped the sweat from his forehead.

"Alright. I'll finish this off quickly then." Bringing your thighs up, he rested them on his hips and leaned down to kiss you sweetly.

"What's my name?" he whispered.

"Lu- Luhan."

"What? I didn't hear you."

"Luh~AN!" You didn't think you still had it in you to yell, but he thrust into you unexpectedly again, forcing the last syllable out in a shriek. He reached above and grabbed onto his headboard as leverage, picking up at the pace he had left off.

Your legs clenched around him tighter as he leaned down and held your face roughly in his hands. He groaned animalistically as his eyes held your gaze, and you didn't dare to look away.

"What's my name?"

"Luhaaaaaaaan," you moaned, encircling a hand around his neck. He growled as his thrusting stuttered. "Louder."

"Ahhhhaaa Luhan!" You knew he was coming close by his sharp intakes of breath.

"I want you screaming my name. I want everyone in the whole goddamn apartment complex to know who's fucking you. Tell me who's fucking you." He pulled out entirely and snapped his hips forward, driving himself completely inside.

"LUHAN! FUCK, OH FUCK. LUHAN, LUHAN, LUHAN, LUHAN, FUUUUUUCK!" With a cry, he buried himself deep inside and came, falling limply on top of you soon after. You both groaned from exhaustion, chests heaving on top of each other.

Bang bang bang!

Someone from another room hit on the walls.

Luhan wearily pulled himself up and slammed against the wall as well. "Shut up! We're done already!"

"Oh god," you covered your face in embarrassment. Luhan flopped onto his back and pulled the blankets up to cover your bodies.

"Relax, it's just Oh Sehun."

Well fuck, you actually knew the kid.

Before you could groan again, Luhan brushed his lips against your forehead. He pressed butterfly kisses down your temples and cheek bone, stopping to look you in the eyes. The fire was gone but it was

replaced by a warm, flickering glow.

Had Luhan always looked at you like this? Without saying a word, he swiped his thumb softly across your bottom lip and cupped your face delicately. It was such a stark contrast to the man from earlier, you weren't quite sure if you had fallen into a dream yet.

Ever so slowly, he kissed you. It was soft and tentative, making you blush shyly. Why was he suddenly being like with to you? Luhan pulled back and your eyelids fluttered open.

You wanted to ask what that was all about, but your brain was suddenly malfunctioning again. He said your name somewhere through your hazy fog, but you couldn't bring yourself to respond. The last thing you saw before you blacked out was him biting his lip in a smirk.

The little bitch.

### 3. Waking Up To Love

You felt like it was morning, but being in a stranger's bedroom made you doubt yourself.

Wait. You knew this bedroom.

The blankets beneath your fingers, the bed frame above your head, and the color of the walls all screamed that you've been at this house before. You immediately moved your head up to look but then came back down with a small whine.

Shit, your head was pounding! You tried to roll over onto your back but your muscles cramped and your whimpered again. Okay, those were definitely the muscle pains of sex. But dear god, who in the world were you with last night to give you aches as bad as these?

A soft snore was heard behind you and you froze. The first thing you thought of was, oh good, at least the man you were with last night had the decency to stay with you til morning. The second thought had you gulping in dread: who was he?

Forcing yourself to ignore the pain, you managed to roll yourself onto your back. What the hell were your panties doing on the ceiling fan? The blurry memory of someone shoving their tongue in between your legs sent a shiver down your body.

Your skin tingled, seeming to remember the various places he touched, grabbed, and held roughly. You made a mental note to check your hips for bruises you were sure had already turned blue at this point. But his face stayed clear from your head.

You remembered strong arms, a deep voice, and thrusts as hard as a fucking animal, but you couldn't for the life of you remember a face. You finally pushed your weight to one side and turned to face the man sleeping behind you.

Oh. Oh shit.

His hair was an absolute mess but the sunlight from his windows

glinted off it beautifully. His lashes were long and rested against his cheeks like an angel's. His lips were a blushing shade of pink, a soft contrast to the smooth, milky white skin of his face.

You swallowed hard as you watched his bare chest rise and fall gently. Holy shit. You just slept with your best friend. You just slept with-

"Luhan?" Your voice was small and meek, but the boy in front of you took in a deep breath and opened his eyes sleepily.

He stared at you for a second, trying to process if he was really awake or not, and then he rolled onto his back, rubbing his eyes with both his palms. "So you're up."

You didn't respond. It wasn't a question. Luhan cleared his throat and looked towards you. "So... we had sex..."

"Y-yeah," was all you could muster out. A silence settled between you as if he was trying to let that piece of knowledge sink in.

"Is... is that okay?" You tilted your head at the question. Strange how he didn't ask if you and he were okay or if your friendship was okay. He asked if it was okay that you slept with him. Your last memory of the night before suddenly rushed to your mind.

Luhan's feather-light touch and shy kisses played before you. The genuine concern glowing from within his eyes was still there, even in the morning after. A smile found its way to your lips as you began to understand. "Yeah," you said.

Hesitantly, you wrapped an arm around his torso, feeling the familiar skin against skin

again, and rested your head on his chest. "It's okay."

Luhan blinked at you in shock. He wasn't expecting this kind of response. Laughing slightly in disbelief, he pulled the covers over your shoulder and hugged you toward him.

"Then I guess... I'll make breakfast."

"No," you whispered, snuggling into his side.

"Stay." It was quiet, but you knew Luhan was smiling.

"Okay." You both closed your eyes and tried to go back to sleep. It was weird for the both of you, but something about the whole thing just felt... right.

"Hey."

"Hmm?" You mumbled against him.

He snickered, voice vibrating deep in his chest. "What's my name?"

You rolled your eyes without opening them. "Luhan."

With a hum in approval, he nodded his head. "Cool. Just making sure

you knew who was fucking you last night."

You shoved him out of the bed, failing to keep your laughter in. He laughed too as he climbed back into the bed to tickle you.

It was the first morning of a very long and interesting relationship.

The name of the other man was long forgotten.

End  
file.